
THE

ST. JOSEPH'S

COLLEGIAN



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The Crib

W. Fath '36

The starry sky a wonder shows:
Across the sky the moon crib glows;
Each star a glorious angel bright
Sings round the crib on Christmas night.



A Snow-Bound Yule

Charles Robbins '33

IT was Christmas eve. The day had been rather cold and disagreeable with occasional flurries of snow from the north west. About buildings bleak with winter's frost, a fine mist of flakes was dancing in a ceaseless whirl to the loud piping of the wind. As evening advanced the wind gained in velocity, and, as is common in the snow storms of Ireland, so vividly depicted in the novels of Patrick Sheehan, the increased wind verged into a blizzard that carried down, not only snow, but also particles of ice, thus making outdoor working and walking very unpleasant. That the landscape, far and wide, would be snow-bound seemed inevitable. The day was one on which the sun "sank from sight before it set". A dull bitterness of cold leaped into that December night with all the force suggested by Whittier in his immortal poem, "Snow Bound".

"Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's grass for the cows."

In spite of cold fingers, a happy smile beamed on

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every face. The work was soon finished, and all scampered off for the house and fireside.

After supper, my father made himself comfortable before the old-fashioned hearth that still holds a place in my home; rested his feet on the andirons, and began to read the daily paper. Taking a book I crouched on the floor near the wall of the room. The howling of the wind mingled with the roar of the great wood fire made a music that was more delightfully soothing than anything that comes over the radio in this noisy present age. While reading I hit upon the lines that were most appropriate to my surroundings and sent me off on a wave of deep meditation. Who would not be forced to meditate at the words, "As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so good Spirits which be Angels of Light are augmented not only by the Divine Light of the Sun, but also by our common wood fire; and as Celestial Fire drives away dark Spirits, so also this our Fire of Wood doth the same?" These lines charmed me greatly. I wondered how my brother who had taken a far less suitable position at the table, resting his head in his hands and sleeping, could be so oblivious of anything that might inspire noble sentiments. But there he sat enjoying a few of those precious evening moments in a manner as depicted in that masterly written essay, "On Going to Bed", in which Richard Middleton skillfully contrasts a sleepy child's simplicity, innocence and inexperience with the disillusionment of grown-up "Olympians". In his own inimitable way, Middleton in that essay says, "When the winter fires are burning their merriest in the grates, or when the summer sun is melting to crimson shadows down

A SNOW-BOUND YULE

the western fields, we, pressing our noses on the window panes in placable discussion of the day's cricket, or dreaming our quiet dreams on the play-room floor, heard with heart-breaking pangs the pronouncement fall tonelessly from the lips of the Olympians: 'Come children, it is time you were in bed'". But these words were not in my brother's mind; oh, no, he was too comfortable to allow thinking of anything.

I would have been happy if my brother had remained awake and had joined our circle, for in spite of what I was reading, the pleasant gathering described so beautifully by Whittier in "Snow-Bound" thrust itself into my memory. I wished that all the family might be present that I might think of one as the "Uncle innocent of books", of the other as the "Aunt, whose smile of cheer—", the "elder sister who plied her evening task", the school master, "Brisk wielder of the birch and rule", the guest with "The temper of Petruchio's Kate," and so on with respect to all who are put on parade in that stately poem. But hardly had I begun to enjoy the fireside and the imagined company of these amicable people, when my father, much like the Uncle in Snow Bound, who "Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray" and ceased to smoke, declared that it was time for us to climb to our roosts.

"You'll have to get up early in the morning and shovel snow." With these words he once more emphasized his command. Then going over to the window and shading his eyes from the light in the room he peered into the darkness. "Yes, boys," he continued, "it is snowing heavily. By morning the snow will be a foot deep or more. Go to bed now, so that

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I shall not find it necessary to call you repeatedly before you stir from under the covers. One of you will have to rise at four-thirty. Let me see, Edward, that means you. The others may sleep until six. Sweet dreams to you all, for tomorrow will be Christmas morning."

Quickly each one of us hurried off to bed rehearsing in thought the kind of gifts Santa Claus was sure to bring and the incidents connected with the enjoyable Christmas program that had been enacted at school on that day. But poor Edward! What thoughts could be in his brains? Surely, only thoughts about shoveling snow. Could he entertain thoughts about the beauties of Christmas? Hardly so. But "sleep swiftly came down to sooth all weary eyes."

Morning came all too soon for Edward, even if it was Christmas morning. But for me four-thirty was not too soon on a morning suggesting a visit from Santa Claus. I leaped to the floor with Edward and made for the window. There in my sight lay all the fantastic images that a snow storm can form just as perfectly as Whittier ever described them. I moved to go down stairs, but my father ordered me back to bed. Never in all my life did the hour and a half, from four-thirty to six, seem so endlessly long to me. It was music to my ears when finally my mother called me. I bounced from the bed and scurried to the window to see if that haunting scene was still out there in the yard. All was unchanged excepting the moonlight which had added much fantasy to objects earlier in the morning was now absent. As I stood there admiring the numer-

A SNOW-BOUND YULE

ous snow images, my memory fell to recalling the lines:

“The poet’s eye in a fine frenzy calling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
 heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen
Turns them to shape, gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.”

Yes, Shakespeare, you said these words, but you said them in a *Mid-Summer Night’s Dream* while here I was applying them to a wintry scene. But why loiter any longer? I felt that it was Christmas morning. What about the gifts? Presently I was called by Edward, who had grown impatient at my delay. We were to receive our gifts together, and the spell of musing that had seized upon me was keeping him in suspense. I bounced down stairs, and to humor Edward I at once asked him about the depth of the snow. But he was not to be humored. There on the parlor door hung a large sheet of paper on which was written in plain characters,

“The depression has put Santa Claus out of business.”

Could anything be more startling on a Christmas morning? Not that Edward and I believed in Santa Claus; we were well-grown boys, but we did believe in gifts. We grumbled rather audibly in our disappointment. Just then the door opened that led into the dining room. On the table stood a fairly

large motor-sleigh pending from which was the following sign:

"The depression put Santa Claus out of business; he sold out at this house."

The feeling of chagrin that Edward and I had experienced gave way to a burst of laughter. There in that sleigh lay clothing and young men's jewelry enough to equip a store. Piece by piece things were removed to our ever increasing delight. At the bottom of the sleigh we found a card which gave the rather imperious notice:

"Your Dad means business. Tote the sleigh out of the house. The doors are big enough for that, and get her ready for a trip to church. You can have your breakfast when you return."

This command was greeted with more cheer than a command to shovel snow. We appreciated the gifts exceedingly, but a sleigh ride on a Christmas morning that was nearly snow-bound was more than we had taken into the reckoning. Of course our motor-sleigh was the talk of everybody at church, and the exciting trips we made in it on that memorable Christmas Day caused us to be considered the "Beau Brummels" of the town in which we lived. At the evening of the day when we were again at home with Dad, we had but one thing to add to the thanks we expressed to him for playing Santa Claus in our behalf and that was the idea that if the depression would annually put Santa Claus out of business when he arrived at our home, then, hurrah for the depression! May it always make itself felt at Christmas time!



A Christmas Carol

P. Thomas

Who told the Earth a great Prince should come
From His kingdom in the sky?
For she wrapped herself in ermine robes
When she knew that He was nigh.

Who told the Wind to hush its song
To a cheerful melody?
Or to change its weary, wistful note
Who was it told the Sea?

The stars shone their brightest on that Christmas
night,
And the path called the Milky Way
Adown which He trod was flooded with light,
And heaven was empty that day.

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The angels who crowded the cave where He slept
Had never sung sweeter since when
Their song had burst forth when God they first saw;
Yet Mary's was far sweeter then.

When the crystalline earth and the jeweled sky,
And the sea with its silver shore
Thus welcome my King, can I bid Him come in
When Joseph shall knock at my door?

Yes, gladly shall I the portals fling wide
And joyously welcome them in,
For the Child's holy Face will brighten the place
And banish the shadows of sin.

The angels will come when they see the Child there
And a ravishing Gloria sing;
My humble abode a heaven will be.
Could there be a more glorious thing?



“La Fiesta”

Urban J. Wurm '33

“**T**O me it seems that Sherman was right in his opinion about war,” said sergeant Jack. “Here we are on Christmas eve, miles away from home, in a dreary military camp, with not the semblance of a prospect that even a bit of an old-fashioned Christmas will reach us. Perhaps, we break up camp tomorrow. Who knows?”

“Don’t feel down in the mouth about it, Jack, maybe plucky old Santa Claus will be wise enough to find us here in Camp Poland. Anyway we are a happy five. There is ‘Coon’ Brown shining his boots, corporal ‘Mac’ MacAaron studying his Spanish, while ‘Luke McCluke’ Woolsen is reading ‘Niels Klim’s Underground Journey’ for the tenth time.”

“Listen, ‘Roter’ Stawetzki, my name is not ‘Luke McCluke’, but Theron J. Woolsen. Furthermore, this is only the second time that I have read this book. Besides, what is it to you and to your cross-eyed kind that never reads a book? If I read until I can quote, and you can only listen, so much the better for me and the worse for you. Mine is the delight and yours is the boredom. Since bored you must be, perk up your ears:

Niels Klim and Bjornstjerne Bjornson
With Grundtvig and old Ibsen;
Martin Nexoe, Ludwig Kolberg;
Hans Tausen and George Brandes
With Sternhjelm, Evald, Volberg.

Imitate that, Blurb-Tongue; are you bored?

“Bah, I may as well recite the names of my

regiment. They would sound better, and, besides, there would be just as much sense to it. Listen to the wind howling; there is sense and music to boot. At any rate, don't be so Scandinavian here in Camp Poland, you might give the wrong tip to Santa Claus."

The conversation dragged on for a while between these buddies until gradually their mutual interests were absorbed in slumber near the warm camp stove. Outside the wind seemed to play hide-and-seek between the winter quarters of the company. The snow fell thick and fast. Its tiny crystals appeared like showers of aerial sand that sought to hide the frozen mud about the camp and over the neighboring fields. Nature did her best to put on a merry look for Christmas, but none of nature's designs could at this moment interest sergeant Jack and Theron J. Woolsen, who, together with their three companions, were much depressed at the thought that there would be no Christmas for them. Rumors were afloat that before many days were to pass, the camp would start on the road to Cuba. To change the grand scenery of the Blue Ridge mountains in Tennessee for the hot plains of Cuba was not an inviting prospect. But go they must to join their fellow Americans in the war against Spain.

Suddenly the rumble of a heavy wagon awakened all in the camp and set them staring at one another. Dismay was reflected on every face only to change to real alarm when sergeant Jack was called to appear before the company headquarters. What could be the trouble? Were the men to set out immediately or wait until the next day? Was the patrol to be called on special duty? They all

knew that thieving had been going on throughout the countryside to the great annoyance of roosting chickens, but that little misdemeanor could hardly justify so much commotion. Perhaps it was merely bad news for sergeant Jack. But whatever it might be, they soon concluded, it could not be worse than the worst and that was the road to Cuba.

Reluctantly sergeant Jack left for company headquarters. Night had set in, and with it came an intense cold. The sense of duty, however, natural to a real soldier could not be daunted in him by mere physical inconvenience. He was so deeply preoccupied that all of nature's preparation for Christmas could not bring a thought of joy to his mind. That the rather urgent summons sent to him boded nothing good was plain to him beyond any doubt. But his misgivings were to receive a severe jolt. There is hardly any sensation more stupefying than that which arises from turning a sense of evil into a sense of happiness. Sergeant Jack was to experience this truth fully when he arrived at the company's headquarters.

"Cheerful greetings to you," said the orderly as sergeant Jack entered, who at these words was almost dumfounded. He had expected to be ordered 'on the carpet,' hence what could these greetings signify? But the orderly continued, "You are in receipt of a Christmas package almost as large as a box car. You may not have relished being called to headquarters on a night like this, but a gift of such size as is sent to your camp must surely be worth your trouble."

Stammering out a throaty "Merry Christmas" to the orderly, sergeant Jack hurried to make arrange-

ments to have the huge box carted to Camp Poland. Among his fellow soldiers at the camp tension was rife as to what sort of trouble was impending. It was a perfect relief for them when they saw the sergeant appear in a happy mood, but their mere relief turned into astonishment when they saw the box which gave evidence that they had not been forgotten by the folks at home. Remarks born of a feeling of overjoy accompanied the opening of the precious box.

When at length the fastenings of the box were undone there lay before the soldiers cured ham and fine bread in great plenty, together with an array of Christmas dainties that included fruits, candies, and smokes. For the sake of a finishing touch to a real feast, a carefully wrapped package revealed several flasks of black and white Scotch. For the moment all hardships of camp life and the difficulties of the shift to Cuba were forgotten. Even the fact that Christmas could not be spent at home with friends and relatives no longer bothered the mind of anyone. The makings for a real feast were at hand and that because the folks at home had remembered their boys in camp; what more could be required to make everybody in that lucky crowd experience all the happiness which perfect contentment could bring?

"Well, fellows," said the sergeant in the best of cheer, "since there is no telling what will be in store for us tomorrow, and since we cannot carry these things with us, I suggest that we celebrate our Christmas feast immediately tonight. Are all agreed?"

A lusty shout of aye's greeted this suggestion. The sergeant himself hurried to boil the coffee, while

“Mac” MacAaron was off to fetch fresh water that was to be heated for toddies. The others took to setting the table. When people’s hands work under the impulse of good cheer, things are usually done speedily and well. So it was here. Long before midnight, everything belonging to the feast in camp Poland was ready. There was no longer any sadness or disappointment in evidence among the men. To add to the good cheer that prevailed, the sergeant thought it proper to draw attention particularly to the meaning of Christmas. He rose to remark:

“Now fellows, I think that we have every good reason to thank Almighty God for this unexpected and pleasant turn of affairs. Shall we not do well to listen to a story filled with the real spirit of Christmas? I appeal to our champion reader for this treat. How about it, ‘Luke McCluke’ Woolsen? But none of your ‘Neils Klim’s Underground Journey’; rather than that, get your New Testament for a change, and give us the greatest story of all the ages.”

Woolsen bestirred himself to comply with this request. He always loved to have an audience either while quoting or reading, and here for once there was a willing audience, something that seldom came his way. Very pompously he opened the New Testament and read with all the dramatic force he could command: “And it came to pass that in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled. This enrollment was first made by Cyrenus, the governor of Syria. And all went to be enrolled, everyone to his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city

of David, which is called Bethlehem; because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child. And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

“And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping night watches over their flocks. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone around them, and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be told to all the people, for; This day is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger.”

Woolsen closed the book, and for the first time in his life did he find his performance greeted with applause. He was so tickled with his success in reading this the greatest of stories that he almost forgot all about the feast that was spread out before him on the table. He had no more to say or read, but he would have a song and immediately called for a chorus on “Silent Night, Holy Night”. All responded willingly but only up to the end of the first stanza. When the strain, “sleep in heavenly peace”, had died away, the feeding began amid laughter, jokes, and toasts. Their glasses clanked frequently in memory of the folks at home, and when the table was well cleared of food, they joined in shouting a “Mer-

LA FIESTA

ry Christmas” for the folks who had so kindly remembered them. Sergeant Jack then gave the signal for grace after meals, for surely everyone had reason to speak thanks to God for the happy treat that came so unexpectedly on Christmas eve. With a jovial toast to America for success in her war with Spain he brought the feast to a close but not without reminding his comrades—Reguerdo la Fiesta de Natividad.





Christmas Bells

U. J. Wurm '33

I hear sweet bells on Christmas morn
That tell me, Christ, the Lord, is born;
In joy they ring for all, today;
O may their sound ne'er fade away!

O God of kindness, God of love,
O Child of mercy from above!
For Thee the bells shall ever ring
And by their tongues, Thy praises sing.

O ring, fair bells, O ring with cheer,
And praise the God-man all the year!
His birthday now has come again
To fill with joy the hearts of men.



The Mining Prospector

Robert Dery '33

“**H**OW are you, sir? If I mistake not—ah—er, you are Mr. Rubble.” In these words Mr. Sheridan sought to get a ‘rise’ out of his business competitor, who, rather surprisingly was making his homeward journey on a street car instead of riding in his big twin-six Chrysler.

“I am Mr. Rubble,” came the reply quite gruffly, “what could you want with me, sir?”

“Nothing much, Mr. Rubble,” returned Mr. Sheridan, “only that I feel glad to meet you at this opportune time. Plainly, I consider this meeting lucky. You may not believe me, but this is the first time in ten years that I am riding on a street car, and to find you on this car just gives me a little bit of unexpected pleasure.”

“Oh, surely, oh surely, Mr. Sheridan, this occurrence is a pleasure, yes, a deep delight to you. You have undersold me, you have misrepresented my business, you have turned my customers against me by your advertising, you, yes, you would have been glad to dynamite my freight cars if you had just a little more of the ‘tough’ in you. To see you, as far as I am concerned, means to see a scoundrel.”

“Now, now, Mr. Rubble, does it ever occur to you that you might be wrong in your surmises? It

is just because of the thoughts that you have expressed that I consider my meeting you rather fortunate. Perhaps this jerking and bumping of the street car makes your mind a trifle more active than would the smooth ride in your auto. But then it should have the same effect upon me, and, allow me to assure you, that it has. It all makes me feel like talking, and what I want to say for your benefit is—”

“Sir, don’t say much,” cut in Mr. Rubble. “Your talk would be lies anyway, unless you were to say plainly that you are delighted at seeing my business ruined. Of course you have a right to ruin the business of a competitor; all the world stands by you in that, but then at least be gentleman enough not to force your attentions upon one whom you have outdone, and I am that one, sir, kindly let me alone.”

“Glad to ruin your business, and such like? How do you come by that?” returned Mr. Sheridan. “To prove to you that I am not he whom you take me to be, that in fact I am your friend, I invite you to come to my house on Christmas eve and have a pleasant bit of fun. It is for this reason, namely, to invite you for that occasion, that I am more than glad to meet you right now.”

“Let me see, well, how shall I answer your unexpected kindness? Oh, yes, I want to say that some time ago I saw a dog bite another dog severely and that over and over and then proceed to lick the wounds he had inflicted. In spite of the kindness received, I said to myself, ‘That badly bitten dog better avoid further fighting.’ I am not so stupid that I can’t learn a lesson when it is brought before my eyes. I want to tell you that I know my

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lesson, but nothing more of that. I shall say politely in reply to your request for a visit from me that I fear that my wife will not allow me to accept your kindness."

"You are wrong, Mr. Rubble, entirely wrong. Your wife knows that this visit is important for you. What you and I may not have said to each other before this, our wives may have used as matter for chattering. In fact I know that they have done so. Be sure to come to my home on Christmas eve."

"The one thing I am sure of is that you needn't expect me to come to your house, Mr. Sheridan." Saying this, Mr. Rubble excitedly left the car.

"After all, my manner of approach to Mr. Rubble was unpsychological," so Mr. Sheridan reflected. "I expected to find him in a better mood. What I should have done is telephone the invitation to his wife. After this encounter, it may all be that my chances to inform him that I am not his enemy in business are gone. What I shall do is have my wife and his wife settle matters by phone. Christmas eve is removed by only one day hence, and what is to be done will have to be done in a hurry."

Mrs. Sheridan knew how to be adroit in speech and how to be pleasantly insistent in getting what she wanted. As soon as she had been informed of her husband's wishes, she called Mrs. Rubble. To the mellowing kindness of her words there could be but one answer. The invitation was accepted, and Mrs. Rubble gave assurance that her husband would put in his appearance at the Sheridan home at the appointed hour in her company. When women will have their way in family affairs, men are of no consequence. Mr. Rubble had learned this lesson long

ago, and he did not have to study it anew on this occasion. Accordingly the Rubbles came to the Sheridan home on Christmas eve.

Mr. Sheridan was very profuse in speaking his welcome when the guests arrived, but his shower of words was met merely by a curled up lip on the part of Mr. Rubble. He would not cease, however, making one onslaught after another on the ill-humor of his surly visitor. The sight of the Christmas tree and the talk about it at length made the rigid jaws of Mr. Rubble relax. He admitted that it was pretty, but quickly complemented his remark by several sneering expressions suggestive of displeasure at being asked to admire it.

"I feel sure," ventured Mr. Sheridan, "that this Christmas will be one of the happiest days in my life."

"Not for me; I feel just as sure," Mr. Rubble replied.

"I hope that you are mistaken," rejoined Mr. Sheridan. "Have a cigar, friend, and let things go up in smoke."

"If you mean that I am to let this word, friend, go up in smoke, then very well, for, inasmuch as the word comes from you, it is worth less than smoke. But, thanks for your offer; I am not inclined to smoke, at least not on this evening."

Mr. Sheridan, however, would not be daunted by any amount of muttering on the part of his ill-humored guest. He insisted; unwrapped the foil from a cigar; struck a lighter aflame and nearly thrust the cigar into Mr. Rubble's mouth. The clouds of smoke flavored by the pleasing odor of good tobacco did much to assuage Mr. Rubble's malignity, and the

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conversation soon took a more agreeable turn, but this shift to more pleasant words did not last long. The word, business, was used indiscretely by Mr. Sheridan, and at its very sound all the smudgy disposition of his host drifted to the surface again. For the moment it looked as if the entire evening would be spoiled. Mr. Rubble sank into a glum mood that wrote chagrin all over his face. After delivering himself of a few cutting remarks, he insisted on going home. Mr. Sheridan saw his mistake and hurried to rescue the situation, but his protestations were of no avail. Mr. Rubble reached for his wraps.

"Now, Mr. Rubble, listen, listen just for a moment," Mr. Sheridan pleaded.

"I have listened to you more than I ever chose to listen," Mr. Rubble retorted. "I shall go now, or I might say something that surely would take the joy out of Christmas for you."

"I suppose that it is this darned coal-mine business that is bothering you," ventured Mr. Sheridan.

"Darned coal-mine business is right. It is this business that you have ruined for me. Of course you had a right to do it; nobody questions your right, but don't add insult to injury by trying to make it look as if you were my friend," Mr. Rubble replied.

"Will you do me just this one favor, namely, to read the paper contained in this portfolio?" Mr. Sheridan asked.

Mr. Rubble gruffly drew out the paper and read the words, "A Contract of Partnership between Mr. Frank Rubble and Mr. James Sheridan in the Crow Coalmining Industry." He read the words over and over from the heading to the last word on the instrument of contract. With a puzzled stare in his eyes, he gradually confronted Mr. Sheridan and said:

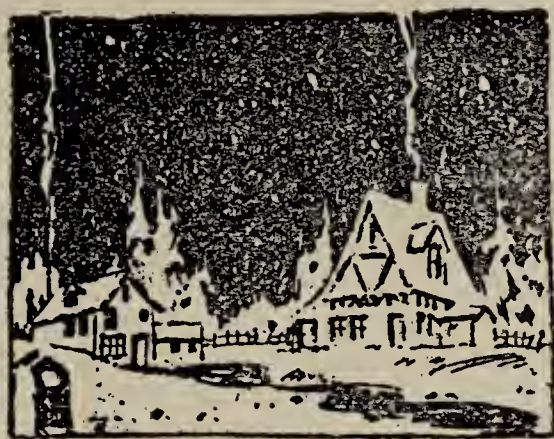
"Is this a hoax?"

"I assure you, Mr. Rubble, that this matter is no hoax," replied Mr. Sheridan, "but allow me to explain. In plain words I admit that I did all in my power to bring your business in the coal industry to ruin. For more than two years I have dogged your tracks in every contract you made. I did it to save you and to save myself as well. I knew that you would not listen to me until you were brought into desperate straits, and into just such straits I have brought you in order to make you listen to what I have to say, and that in brief is that you are ignorant of a competitor who has resolved to put both you and me out in the cold and that within the next six months. Here is his name. Will you now agree to the contract of partnership between us?"

"Mr. Sheridan, I am dumbfounded! I see, yes, I see plainly now what I did not understand in your conduct. Of course by pooling our industries, we can save each other. I agree to the contract of partnership. But what can I say by way of asking your pardon for my rudeness, and that, too, right in your house?"

"No request for pardon is in place," replied Mr. Sheridan to these words of Mr. Rubble. "We shall very soon have our contract ratified by law. And now that you see in me a friend instead of an enemy, we have reasons to shake hands on our friendship and upon our contract."

"Yes sir," answered Mr. Rubble, "and since the midnight bells are ringing to tell us what time it is, we have reasons to shake hands upon what has come to us and for our families, 'A Most Merry Christmas.'"



Too Well Done

Michael J. Vichuras '33

A LARGE flake of snow fell in Herb van Dorne's eye as he was hurrying to be one of the first in line at the Red Cross Relief Station. He paused to wipe away a cold tear. The snow on the ground, the crispness of the air, and even the shouts of children accompanied by volleys of snow balls failed to interest him. It was only another cold, bleak Christmas eve. He remembered this particular neighborhood very distinctly. In the mansion across the street he had been employed as a butler for the past few years.

The memory of last Christmas eve came back to his mind as a soothing draught of liqueur. Together with the cook and the maid he had enjoyed a merry time. At this same hour he had been sitting in the kitchen with an exquisite meal upon the table before him, and, need it be added, the cheerful maid opposite him. Moreover, the master's wine had not been stinted. For an instant a flash gleamed in his haggard eyes at these pleasant memories, but soon changed to a gleam of anger. The boss had fired him not long ago, affirming the reason that he had to

reduce his overhead charges, when van Dorne personally knew that the master had caught him removing valuable articles every now and then from the house. He looked once more at the house. No, there was no chance of rapping at the kitchen door and asking the cook for a bite to eat. Everything was black as only black darkness could be.

Suddenly a car drew up to the curb. The driver in a heavy coat and slouch hat stepped out and hastened up the walk into the house, without even locking the door as he entered. Within a few minutes a light was seen flashing in one of the rooms facing the street. The ex-butler remembered that this was the library, and here it was that Mr. Henry Dorley kept his money and important papers in a small safe in the wall. Van Dorne eagerly followed the figure which could be discerned in the dark as it approached the wall of the room and paused there. Yes, it was as he expected. The safe was the object of search.

Just then a policeman swinging his "billy" as only one, who had been treated at all the "speak-easies" on his beat could swing it, came around the corner whistling a tune in a frolicsome fashion. A desperate idea struck the revengeful butler.

"Officer," he cried, "this house is being robbed. See that man through the window sneaking about the room?"

Yes, the anxious policeman saw the man only too plainly. Following little van Dorne, he hurried down the walk, slowly crept up to the porch and silently opened the door. Down the hall both carefully made their way, pausing only to step into the shadow of the open door through which the light was gleaming.

TOO WELL DONE

Peering in, the butler saw that the suspicious character was seated at a desk with a pile of papers before him. The safe in the wall was open and some of the contents had evidently been removed. Turning to the excited officer, he quickly said, "Go, get him officer!"

In a pugilistic fashion the "cop" dashed into the room and laid rough hands on the surprised victim. Knocking the man from the chair he proceeded to wrestle with him in an effort to slip a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. During all this turmoil, van Dorne walked over to the safe, picked out a bulky looking wallet, stowed it in the inside of his coat pocket and began to leave the room in a nonchalant manner.

The officer, with his cap knocked off and his hair all tousled, turned to see the instigator of the plot calmly leave the scene of action while he was making a vain attempt to subdue the stranger.

"Just where do you think you are going?" asked the policeman who just then received a stunning blow on his left eye.

"Around the corner to call up the buggy." answered van Dorne with a malicious grin on his face. Without any further hesitation he hurried through the hallway out to the snow covered walk. Here he heard a miserable yelling and howling, which sounded as if the "arm of the law" was getting the worst end of the ordeal, for the policeman and his victim were still clinched in a tussle as they bolted out of the door of the house.

After a breathless dash down the street, van Dorne stopped at the Red Cross Relief Station where his presence was not likely to be noticed. The thought

that he would no longer be one of the mob that was waiting for its soup and bread made him feel like a new man. Yes, this is the way that he liked to feel on Christmas eve: money in his pockets and not a worry in the world ahead of him. There was no danger of being detected as the officer had seen him only in the dark and the arrested stranger had not seen him at all. He felt like shouting "Merry Christmas" at the men in the line, but that would have been foolish. Curiosity got the better of him in his desire to know how much there was in the wallet. Walking over to a street light he extracted the wallet and pulled out a bill. Soon he pulled out another and then another. They were all cancelled bank checks! When he recovered from this most unexpected surprise, he stepped over in line with the other men as he had intended to do before his escapade of thieving.

The following morning, as van Dorne was hastening down to the "soup line" to get his Christmas breakfast, he picked up a newspaper that was lying in the gutter. On the first page was an article that very clearly told how a clever crook had duped Policeman O'Malley into arresting Henry Dorley, the local heavyweight champion, in his own home. While the policeman was trying to subdue Dorley, the crook had stolen away with a wallet filled with cancelled checks but had overlooked an envelope that contained a large sum of money. Policeman O'Malley was said to be recuperating and doing well in a local hospital.

Upon reading the notice van Dorne felt that Christmas was so thoroughly miserable for him that not even the soup and bread of the Red Cross Station could put him at any degree of ease. After much

TOO WELL DONE

thought and hesitation he made his way to the hospital and visited the damaged "arm of the law". Upon hearing van Dorne's confession of guilt, the policeman laughed and enjoyed the daring of the butler. Soon the conversation drifted to Christmas, and it was then that the officer, leaning from his bed, seized a handbag and produced the wherewith that brought a little festive cheer into the room.



Acrostic

S. Kleman '33

C—rowned with gems of grace and love
H—e, who came from realms above,
R—aised for man a flaming light
I—n this holy Christmas night.
S—ouls of men he would release
T—hrough the gift of godly peace:
M—any out in climes afar
A—sking 'bout this Bethl'em star
S—eek and find their Lord, and King.

Longing

W. Pank '34

If I were but a brilliant star
I would rejoice
To shield those three from rain and snow
Who wandered from afar
As Kings to view a greater King,
Their Savior and their God.

If I were but that little crib
I would rejoice
To aid fair Mary's holy hands
To keep the Christchild warm,
While angels sang their joyful songs
To greet their kingly Lord.

If I were but a shepherd boy,
I would rejoice
If't had been granted from on high
That I should wander near
And there place at my God's own feet
My gifts to show my love.

If Christ as infant, I might see
I would rejoice
As Christmas then for me would mean
A piece of heaven'd bliss
That never from my mind would fade
Throughout eternity.



A Curio As Christmas Present

Kenneth Hurlow '33

AS I settled back in my favorite armchair on one evening of last week, my mind began to drift to the approaching feast of Christmas with all the details that belong to that usually joyful celebration. The idea of gifts, of course, began to haunt me. What would I give to my friends? What in particular would I give to a friend of mine who had come to be really chummy with me, one whose company I desired, and who in return desired my companionship. I had given him a unique gift last Christmas, and for a full year I continued to compliment myself on that choice. Surely I had come to be a connoisseur of gifts. But that gift and the story connected with it would not get out of my mind, and I contemplated it and retold the story to myself over and over with ever increasing delight.

For more than a month I had suffered from vexation and even from loss of sleep just because I could not think of anything that might suit the fancy of this my art-loving friend. To distract my mind, I picked up a volume of the French writer,

Theophile Gautier, and read about his interesting experience with a mummy's foot. Before coming to the end of that story, I dropped the book and exclaimed, "I have found it, I have found it." At once I donned my overcoat and went in search of a curio shop. My friend who was running a large office needed something similar to what Gautier needed to keep his papers neatly stacked. A paper weight, a paper weight, yes, surely this is what he needed, but it must be an artistic one. What if I, too, might secure a mummy's foot for him? The idea set my mind on fire. Search I would as long as my legs would carry me, even if I had to journey all the way to Egypt and dig up a mummy. Yes, my friend should have a mummy's foot for a paper weight.

Only the largest curio shop in town could possibly have such a rarity, and off I hiked at once to the largest "racket" establishment in the big town where I lived. Eagerly I scanned the show windows at that place only to find my expectations vanish and my hopes sink. But I did enter. The proprietor was at me as quick as a spider gets at a fly. With unctuous manners and well oiled speech he deftly sought to control my attention. To waste no time, I stated directly:

"Paper weight is what I want, but it must be a curiosity."

"Ah, sir, but I can serve you well in that line," he adroitly responded. "Here is a large assortment mostly gleaned from royal palaces; boudoirs of princesses, secretaries of dukes. Ah, sir, many of these are more than a hundred years old. Have your choice, sir."

"Anything but a hundred years old is too mod-

A CURIO AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

ern for me. I am looking for something that has lasted at least for a thousand years. Nothing short of that age will be to my liking."

"Ah, sir, would you have me rob some ancient tomb and disturb the dead in their graves? No, no, do not take me for a 'resurrection man'; I should hate such employment. But you might like some trinket excavated, say at Troy, or some skull or the like, eh?"

"You are now coming right down to brass tacks, sir," I eagerly retorted, "just something like that. The fact is, I want a mummy's foot as a paper weight. Can you accommodate my curious taste?"

"Very curious, very curious is your taste, sir. Let me see; have you any money? I shall be ready to accommodate you at a good price, sir, at a good price! I have the foot of a mummy here; not one of the Egyptian variety, but one that is, nevertheless, a thousand years old. Tsk, tsk, it is the foot of that Scheherazade, the one who told the thousand and one tales as recorded in the 'Arabian Nights'. How would that suit you? Here is the foot enclosed in this gilt casket. Have you several hundreds of dollars, sir? Don't think that you will be fooled when I open this casket, sir. Lo, the foot! How beautiful, sir. Not a dame in all this world at present can boast a foot like this embalmed relice of a thousand years. Will you buy it, sir?"

"I shall pay but twenty-five dollars, sir," I replied; "it is all the money I have. Besides, I want the casket in the bargain."

"Twenty-five dollars, eh! Do you want me to give this much prized article to you? And the casket in the bargain, eh! Do you hope to buy my entire shop

for twenty-five dollars, sir? Well, well; yet, it is money for me. Take it, take it, and be gone. I am beaten in this sale. Good day, sir!"

I grabbed my purchase and hurried home, all the while feeling proud that I had obtained a present that would be a delight to my fastidious friend.

Upon entering my room, I could not forbear opening the little casket and inspecting the curious relic that I had bought. I placed the foot on a table before me and sank tired and sleepy into my arm-chair. Gazing at the foot and admiring its singular perfection, while recalling its great age and the glorious person to whom it had once belonged, soon brought on a delicious doze. Of a sudden some one seemed to limp into my room; approach the table; take up the foot and then turn to me in the clear outline of a gorgeous lady.

"Sir," said the apparition, "may I have my foot? I shall have to limp without it. Be kind enough to —."

"Yes, yes!" I stammered, "are you in reality Scheherazade? Yes, take the foot. I would give you a dozen if they were at my disposal."

"Profound thanks, sir," answered the apparition, "in consideration of your kindness, since you really have paid for my foot, I shall bestow this ring upon you."

A heavy plush curtain seemed to fall; the vision was gone. But I had the ring and set about scrutinizing it with intense delight. No, with that ring from so renowned a personage, I would never part. I must get another present for my friend. But affairs were not all settled concerning the foot which I had bought. The plush curtain rolled back, and there I

saw the grim old Sultan sitting on his throne with Scheherazade seated on a hassock just as she had been seated in former ages when she was telling him the thousand and one tales. But I soon understood that she was not now telling him a tale, but was speaking to him about me. Occasionally she pointed towards me, and it so happened that I caught the words, "gratitude" and "kindness". She was evidently telling how I had restored the foot of which she had been robbed. Presently she rose, came towards me with outstretched arms, and a ravishing smile on her face. Quickly the Sultan followed her. Approaching me, he shouted:

"You have alienated the affections of my wife! Now wed her with the ring she has given you, or I shall have her head fall under the ax. Oh, why did I not slay her as I did the others whose heads fell on the day after marriage. This fickle one has eluded my vengeance by telling tales, but now you alone can save her; will you take her?"

I stretched out my hand holding the ring between my fingers. But as I touched the hand of Scheherazade and felt the chill of a thousand years of death, I stood horror struck. I thought the ring fell from my fingers.

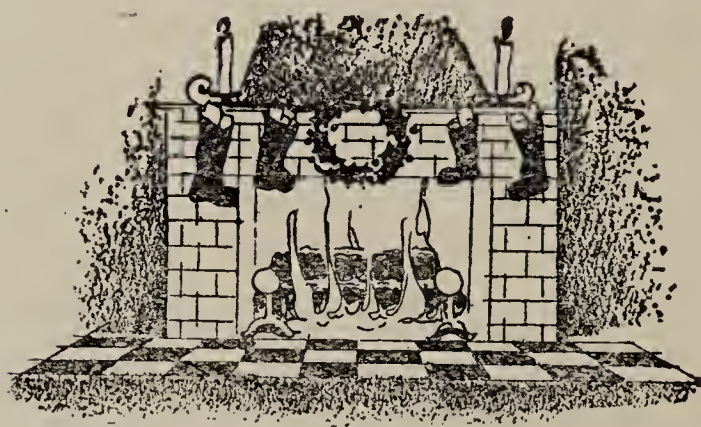
"Will you have her?" roared the Sultan.

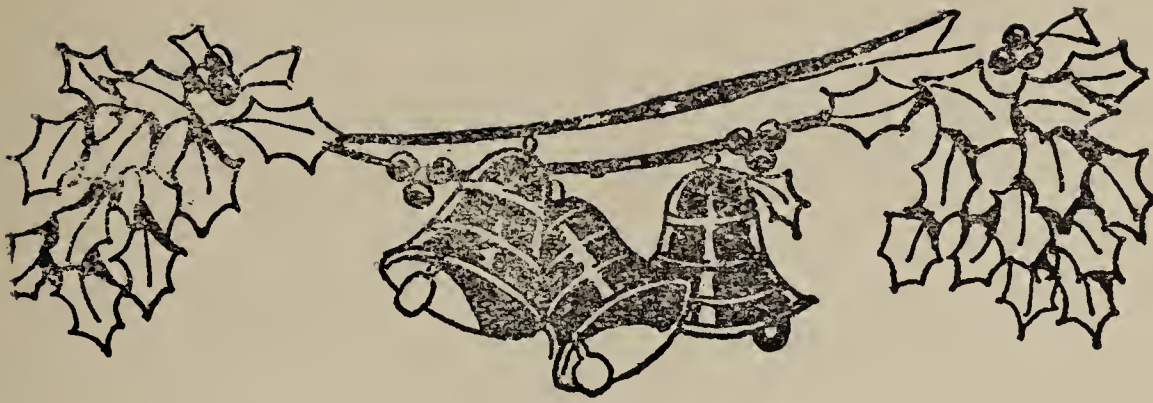
"Swing the ax," I shouted loud enough to hear my own words as I was just awakening from my doze.

Of course I was perplexed because of this dream. I felt so very lonely now that this grand vision had vanished. If only I could have had a chance to beg pardon of Scheherazade for my rudeness, I would have felt better. But there, to my amazement, on

the table before me stood the mummy's foot with a ring, bearing a brilliant ruby setting, on the toe on which people usually wear a corn. Both foot and ring went to my art-loving friend, who, to my great pleasure, welcomed both as an extraordinary gift with exclamations of delight.

For a full year this gift is now in the possession of my friend. But very recently I have learned that through all this past year he has been unable to keep order in his office or to keep his accounts straight. Shall I inform him that my gift was a jinks? Shall I give him another gift in exchange for the one I gave a year ago? As to these questions, I am undecided, but I am not undecided in the opinion that I have Theophile Gautier beat by a mile in telling a story about a mummy's foot.





Yuletide

J. Pike '33

Happy season of the year!
Whence comes all thy joy and cheer?
'Tis from Him Who on this day,
God as man in Bethl'em lay.

Happy season of the year!
Kindly voices now we hear;
Humble souls and kings no less
Love for Jesus Christ profess.

Happy season of the year!
Bells ring out in merry cheer
To give homage to our King
Who God's love to man did bring.

Happy season of the year!
Joy with all its train is here;
Each to other greeting gives;
Man with man as equal lives.

Happy season of the year!
Man to God is fully near;
Oh, great Master, mighty King!
Praised be Thou o'er everything.

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Charter Member



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EDITORIALS



CHRISTMAS VACATION

Christmas! This word alone suffices to make a student at boarding school experience many a happy thrill. There is the evening of happy anticipation, the merry trip, and then the sight of the old home town. What a pleasing suggestion! With an equal amount of interest the folks at home await the return of their boy from school. When the merry lad comes home with nothing on his mind but two glorious weeks of vacation, it is indeed difficult for the parents to say or do anything that should dampen his spirits. This attitude is maintained at the price of many a heroic sacrifice on their part.

It is only too true that the majority of people at the present time are in desperate straits. For students who have been away for months from the toil and the sights of the home town, the depression loses some of its reality and import. A lad on coming home cannot help but observe that his father is still wearing the same old suit, while his mother has remodeled last year's dresses instead of buying new ones. Why? In order that their son may not be in want at school.

Parents do not desire that their boy on coming home should throw himself into the ordinary hardships of everyday life. It is their wish that he

enjoy himself to his heart's content. Yet, when he observes the circumstances at home, it should be sufficient to induce a real student to avoid an excess of parties and other amusements; but should urge him to display some of the good common sense that he has derived from his college career. What a joy it must be for parents to see that their boy has not only obtained a classical education, but, above all, has developed a character and a practical outlook on life. Education will then not merely imply high grades, but rather an acquirement of principles enabling one to conduct oneself in an unselfish and agreeable manner.

M. J. V.

TOO MUCH LEISURE

Running a red light, narrowly missing a pedestrian, the youth in his car whizzes by. Five minutes later he is seen loitering on the curbstone in front of a drug-store waving to the crowd on the street. The younger generation seems addicted to a mania of hurrying to some place and when they have arrived at their destination they do nothing.

Leisure is all right in itself, but if allowed to gain the upper hand or to become the controlling force in a man's life it soon becomes his worst enemy. Of all the factors which influence the cultural advance or decline of people, leisure is perhaps the most important. It stands to reason that this should be so. If people devote all their time and energy to making a living, then it is impossible for them to develop cultural advantages, for to this end they need leisure time. Although leisure is so important to the welfare of the people, yet if it is sought after

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too much and is utterly wasted, it defeats its own purpose and becomes a source of general nuisance.

What is applicable to people commonly is also applicable to an individual. Too much leisure, especially for young men, is frequently a source of crime. For even if they are not employed they, nevertheless, want to have a good time, and a good time costs money. The easiest way then, is misconduct, as too much leisure gives a strong impulse to the doctrine of 'the line of least resistance'. The youth of today has too much leisure time, too much time for frivolous activities, which time, if he were to use it rightly, might be devoted to some worthwhile pursuit. Yes, leisure may be God's best gift to man, but if, as the saying goes, 'an idle brain is the devil's workshop' it is plain that leisure must be used moderately if anyone wishes it to serve the purpose for which it was intended.

H. P. K.





The QUARTERLY of New Rochelle in our estimation deserves to rank among the best of college journals. The material—and the Quarterly contains more subject matter than the average collegiate publication—is quite interesting, and seems to be the result of special training. In some of the work, indeed, there is a faint but apparent philosophical trend that is not all imitation. It appears to be the result of definite thought, almost mature thought. Especially can this be noticed in the poetry, in some of which fine talent for writing on nature themes is shown. “Requital”, one of the poems in the November issue, is commendable for its beauty, both of form and content.

The BACONIAN, being only a High School magazine can hardly be compared to the QUARTERLY, except by way of contrast. The former is serious, thoughtful, more or less mature, while the latter is light, not so formal and somewhat adolescent. But in proportion to the age of its contributors the BACONIAN is quite a business-like publication. It is spicy, and is evidently well managed. We wondered a little, however, about the innovation of running pictures of the contributors alongside of their articles. It is, perhaps, a helpful device in a High School for stimulating interest in contributing, but in a college we should hardly think that this custom is to be countenanced.

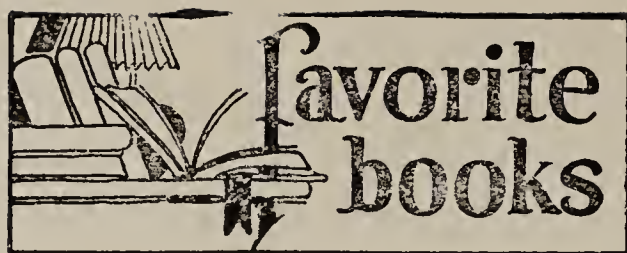
To those who have read the fall issue of the

EXCHANGES

CANISIUS QUARTERLY, any amount of praise would perhaps seem superfluous. The magazine speaks adequately for itself. Almost any sort of subject is handled by its writers with comparative ease and assurance. "Not in the War Records" is an especially interesting production both because of its subject matter and also the facile style in which it is written. The poetry is rather heavily classical. It makes us study a trifle too hard. We should prefer to seize on something given in the more sprightly romantic vein. Not that we fail to appreciate the classical efforts of the CANISIUS QUARTERLY, but the ease of Romanticism would more readily satisfy one's whim. Should we not expect a little more Romanticism from a magazine so capable as the CANISIUS QUARTERLY?

We have noticed with regret that several college monthlies have changed within the past year into quarterlies, due probably to the depression. It is because of this fact that the COLLEGIAN is making it a policy to review in each issue only a very limited number of journals from its exchange list, hoping that it will not be necessary to repeat at any time during the year.





ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

By Margaret Yeo

Biographies are always interesting and enjoyable. But Margaret Yeo's "St. Francis Xavier" is more than interesting, especially to us Catholics.

In the old grey castle of the picturesque town of Javier in Navarre, Spain, St. Francis Xavier was born. He was the sixth child of the de Jassu family, noble Basques. After the death of his father in 1516, his elder brothers tried to persuade the ten-year-old Francis to join them in serving the king. Francis, however, intended to follow the footsteps of his father. He continued his studies in Paris at the College of Ste. Barbe. After he had attained his doctorate degree, he became a professor. It was during his professorship that he met St. Ignatius Loyola. They became intimate friends. So it was that Ignatius with Francis and several other holy men founded the Society of Jesus—commonly called the Jesuits. After their establishment they presented themselves to the pope, offering their services. Portugal had called for priests to Christianize their Eastern settlements and Francis was appointed to assume this task.

Margaret Yeo, who has a reputation as "the successor to Robert Hugh Benson," with dramatic power adequately and sincerely portrays the early life and labors of the Society of Jesus. She de-

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lineates Francis' voyages to India, Goa, Mallacca, the Indies, and Japan—a tale of continuous struggle in overcoming many obstacles.

We can not help admiring the indomitable Basque energy, the apostolic zeal, the ardent and unstinted love for God with which Francis labors among the pagans. His one desire was to Catholicize China which he thought was hindering his work in the Indies and Japan. His attempt to enter China is a fascinating story. But God's will was otherwise; for Francis fell sick of fever at Sanchian, China. His tragic end is pathetic, and his passing was sorely lamented by his fellow workers.

"St. Francis Xavier" suggests two other works, Caldwell's "Damien of Molokai" and Dutton's "Samaritans of Molokai". The lives of these men are very similar. We like best this book by Margaret Yeo, which is filled with the exotic glamor of the East and is teeming with vivid descriptions of an apostle of Christ whom we all love.

J. L. A.

HOOVER AND HIS TIMES

By Edwin Emerson

One will have little difficulty in discovering what is the aim of Colonel Emerson's latest work, "Hoover and His Times." As the author states in his foreword, it is "to present a man understandingly . . . at the height of his action in the thick of things. Having shown him so, a highly complex creature in the midst of manifold perplexities, we can proceed to disentangle his personality from the mesh of circumstances and environment, unraveling his

life through the warp and woof of the years back to the first thread." To complete the description of purpose, I might very discreetly whisper something about just a touch of Republican propaganda here and there.

The book is fundamentally a "vigorous non-partisan survey of our times," containing a tremendous amount of information about modern issues, men, events and undertakings. There has been a partially successful attempt made to give a detailed bird's eye view of the progress made during recent years in the fields of science, architecture, commerce, government, business, politics, fine arts and world affairs as shown against the background of our president's career. A stately and full sized, if not exactly comprehensive, portrait of Mr. Hoover is presented, which will probably materially alter anyone's estimation of the character of the world's most disputed man.


Edwin Emerson has, without doubt, graphically described the development of the marvels of our modern age, dwelling fondly on majestic ocean liners, skyscrapers, bridges, radio, television and aeronautics. In some way he has embodied a sense of awe in his production that is almost contagious. The author's fondness for statistics and detail is not as conducive to absorbing interest as one might desire, but it does have the advantage of imparting an air of unusual accuracy and conviction to the book. As for comparisons, the work resembles Allen's "Only Yesterday" very closely, with the difference of course that the latter lacks the biographical note. To be perfectly frank, however, I consider Emerson's prod-

FAVORITE BOOKS

uct to be inferior in craftsmanship and concept to the really remarkable book of Mr. Allen.

The outstanding feature of "Hoover and His Times" is the Colonel's attempt at "unfolding the scroll of time" by the use of the novel "from-the-present-to-the-past" method. His idea is that only by facing from the present to the past can a truly interpretative story of a man's life be told. The execution of his plausible sounding theory, however, is disappointing. Due to his unique reverse process the script becomes very jarring in places and, needless to say, neither clarity nor conciseness are aided by the author's attempt at originality. To sum it up, as far as I can judge from this one example of the new form, we are destined to continue with the old chronological method with which we have managed to struggle along during the last few thousand years. Or will some greater artist than Emerson arise to champion the cause and produce a work that will definitely establish the new mode?





ALUMNI NOTES

The Rev. Nicholas Schaal, C. PP. S., of St. Patrick's Church, Raton, New Mexico, is achieving phenomenal results in his apostolic endeavors. Fr. Schaal attended St. Joseph's from 1914-20 and has always maintained a special and deep-rooted devotion to the Blessed Mother, the Mediatrix of all graces. With this added incentive of zeal, he is now laboring with untiring energy for the propagation of the "Legion of Mary". In the "DENVER REGISTER", he explains the purpose of the Legion: "Much has been written about the losses from the Church and we have often heard it said, 'Why talk about leakage? Tell us how to stop it.' The 'Legion of Mary' was called into life for that very purpose." Originating in Europe, and spreading to our own country within the last ten years, this great new movement is making rapid progress under the leadership of such able and energetic priests as Fr. Schaal. The "Legion of Mary" is Catholic Action of which we hear so much today. It is a necessary movement to stop leakage from the Church, and what is even more, it is a wonderful means of regaining to the fold those who have lost their faith. Fr. Schaal is to be admired for his unceasing devotion to such a worthy ideal. Best wishes for more success in his endeavors is the earnest desire of the members of the COLLEGIAN staff.

With the coming of cold weather, John, "Mick" Byrne and John, "Lefty" Lefko will have to take up

ALUMNI NOTES

ice skating. At St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio, these two Alumni of '32 have the reputation of being forever "at sea". Now that the row boat will not go, (Mick and Lefty were becoming unusually skillful at the oars) it looks like skates for them. Good luck, boys!

Hi! "Mo". Norman Koller also of '32 realizes the sad fact that signs, posters, and other such things, as they are generally presented today, have not the proper appeal. They lack a certain zest and are not spicy enough, so "Mo" just peppers them. Keep up the good work, "Mo", and also drop a few lines to your Alma Mater every now and then. You can feel assured that your chirography will find willing and anxious readers. Norman Koller is studying philosophy at Carthagen.

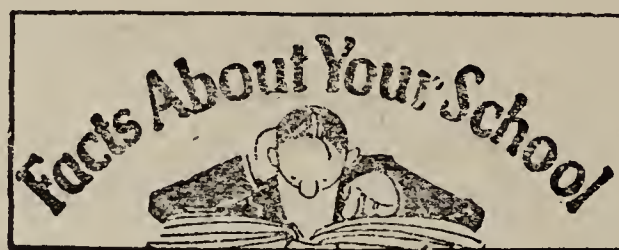
At Holy Cross College, in Worcester, Mass., where he is now studying, George Bartlett is starring in football and basketball. He plays left end in football, and is largely responsible for the high standing of his team. He attended St. Joe's during the year '28-'29, and his stellar performance on the basketball court is not yet forgotten.

A farewell party in honor of Rev. Francis Beuke, C. PP. S. was held at St. Charles Seminary, where Fr. Beuke was a professor. He has now left for Rome as the representative of the American Province of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood.

It is with regret that we learned that Albert "Bill" Szmekto, an Alumnus of '31, was forced to discontinue his studies temporarily on account of illness. "Bill" is now at his home in Toledo, Ohio, but it is hoped that he will soon be able to resume his

philosophy study at St. Charles'. The COLLEGIAN wishes this former staff member a speedy recovery of health.

To all the Alumni: Your Alma Mater sends you, with this issue of the COLLEGIAN, heartiest wishes for a MOST MERRY CHRISTMAS. May it bring you the happiness so significant of this holy day.



ARMISTICE DAY

Armistice Day brought a chilly and biting wind, with the sifting snow occasionally developing into a potential blizzard, a prairie storm in embryo. St. Joseph's students enjoyed a free day (even though the flag was not flying), thanks to the Reverend Provincial. To those who dared face the raw and slashing west wind, were granted a hike and a country day. In the contest of the survival of the fittest, credit (compliments to the robust natures of St. Joe's inmates) is due to a great many who organized groups to hunt down a few of the local rabbits. In view of the significance of the national holiday, it was thought that the cotton tails would be friendly to almost everybody, especially to native and adopted sons of Hoosierdom. But oh, how dreams, born of collegiate wisdom, have been shattered and torn and ruthlessly crushed. A common fate awaited nearly all the ambitious—empty and

LOCALS

cold hands. To those who still survived was given the permission to visit town and participate in a cowpuncher's delight, "The Golden West". Thus ended another of those many elusive free days that come and go (mainly go) like the will-o'-the-wisp. (It is a known fact that the will-o'-the-wisp shines best on cold and rainy occasions).

FACTS FINE TO KNOW

Everybody knows that St. Joseph's is a College, but how many know that it is a summer resort? Recent maps of Indiana indicate Collegeville by a red dot, designating it as a place agreeable for summer outings.

Who doesn't know that Greenland is in the arctic circle? But who knows that during the dead of winter St. Joseph's swings into the frigid zone; that for a few weeks during the sweltering days of summer, St. Joseph's finds itself in the torrid zone? Now who dares deny that Collegeville has a wonderful variety in climate?

WINTER, WINTER EVERYWHERE

Snow, the outgrowth of a late afternoon drizzle, first fell on the grounds of St. Joseph's Wednesday, November 9. According to traditional superstition, therefore, St. Joe's is due for nine snowfalls (snow-brothers perhaps?) this winter. But let no critical individual judge too hastily as to the validity of a snowfall—it may be only the water tank overflowing. For even when overcoats and thermometers tell us that winter weather is here we, like doubting

Thomases, do not believe it until "Bill" Voors, our weather-cock, has donned his flannels.

PERSONS YOU SHOULD KNOW

Not long ago "B. G." Glick put away his pipe, sold his tobacco and bought a cap. Suddenly a decided change was observed in his behavior. He is smoking again, and like the ordinary collegian, is seen without a cap out of doors. We wonder why?

The College chemist, Barney Kuhns, though successful at extinguishing several mice with chlorine gas, has discovered a novel method of eradicating them. He prescribes the following: place a few drops of nitro-glycerine into the mouth of a rodent; then knock it over the head with a sledge hammer, preferably a twelve pound sledge.

Credit is due to Joe Tossman who single-handed rescued a piano from the blazing ruins of a neighboring farm house. This story is absolutely authentic—it is his own version.

There are very few concepts that are fundamentally irreconcilable. Aristotle has so classed the concepts that all can be grouped under a few headings. But not even Aristotle could imagine Oscar Wuest walking fast (excepting possibly to trigonometry class).

It was "Snakes" O'Herron who held the perfect hand of cards with a run, a double pinochle and one hundred aces. Of course you understand, but it happened that then, the Club Marshall turned out the lights.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Sleepy, tired, and weary—when? After Thanksgiving was finished? No, on Thanksgiving morning

LOCALS

when everybody was feeling shiftless and listless due to lost sleep. But even so the day was begun aright with the Reverend Provincial officiating at the High Mass customary on Thanksgiving morning. A "country day" was then given, though many preferred the more comfortable haunts of the library or Smoking Club where a Pinochle Tournament was under way. The Varsity basketball team, too, was having practice, no admission fees, for the sake of convenience, being charged to spectators. In the afternoon for the accomodation of all, the movie presented at the Palace Theatre was another of Will Rogers' characteristic drawls, "Too Busy to Work". "The same rain that makes mud, makes the roses". True, Will, and you gave the world the rose. But part of that world was sleepy, tired, and weary—when? When Thanksgiving Day was gone? Yes, when another day was history, and a part of the world with all its own was one day closer to Christmas vacation, distant only one more pure and undiluted month. Indeed, the day was one of Thanksgiving.

CONGRATULATIONS

To all members of the American Tree Association, and especially to Leo Kulzer and Robert Wuest, the College tree surgeons, on the occasion of the Washington Bicentennial, The COLLEGIAN extends its heartiest congratulations. Membership in this association is available to any individual who "as a good citizen, has planted a tree." This association, having its headquarters at Washington, D. C., has been established for the noble purpose of encouraging Americans, particularly American youths, in the nation-wide movement of forest preservation and res-

toration. Further information can be had from either of the tree surgeons.

NO FEAR OF THE BREAD LINE

It seems as if St. Joseph's is gradually developing into a self-supporting community. The latest step toward this realization is the employment of a new master baker, Werner Olander of Chicago, Ill. He has relieved the Sisters greatly of extra work, and, also indirectly, has removed an excess burden from the delicate chariot manned by Brother Victor. But social work, by way of labor amelioration, is not his only service, for since his arrival here, an excellent variety of breads and pastries has proved his skill in his rightful vocation—baking.

THAT EVENTFUL SUNDAY

The Visitation of the The Community of The Precious Blood, by convention a triennial institution, was extended to all students at St. Joseph's on Sunday, morning, November 20. To the fourth and fifth year Community students it was an obligation, to all others a privilege.

The Hatton homestead, one quarter mile north of the College, was burned to the ground on Sunday afternoon, November 20. As the disaster occurred while the family was at Church, a generous service in the way of aid was rendered by a few students from the College. The fire, however, was beyond control, and its angry tongues leaped and spread till the last girder was felled. The COLLEGIAN extends its heart-felt sympathies to the Hatton family.

On this day, also, skating was initiated. The weight on the ice, and heat of the sun, however, were very destructive; the ice was weak by noon. Skating was resumed to a certain extent the following day.

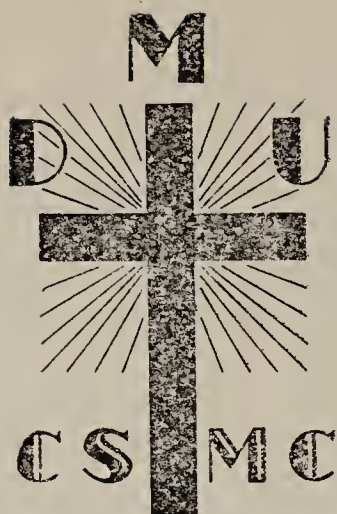
RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB



THE RALEIGH CLUB

Now that old man winter has taken a firm hold on St. Joe's, the members of the Raleigh Club have practically deserted the grove. They have gone to the warmth of the club room to enjoy their "hale" in the plush chairs with Guy Lombardo and Art Kassel furnishing the entertainment. Amid retrospective and introspective thoughts is the momentary desire to go on "haling" and dreaming forever. The silencing of the radio, however, draws them from their reveries, reminding them of work to be done in the study hall and class room.

This meditative pastime does not attract all the members. As a result a triple card tournament has been inaugurated to while away the long winter hours. Six loving cups will be given to the respective winners of the Bridge, Five Hundred, and Pinochle tournaments. The cups will be presented to the respective winners of the three tournaments at a splendid meeting to be held a few days before the Christmas holidays. The Raleigh Club orchestra is again preparing a musical program for this meeting, assuring the members that it will surpass all previous programs.



The third meeting of the Dwengerites, held November 12, was one characterized by spirit and interest. Following the inspiring strains of "Work, Save, Pray", the meeting continued in its usual enthusiastic manner. The regular sequence of business dispensed with, Catholic Action, the outstanding feature of the meeting, then ensued.

Introduced by our able chairman, Stan Manoski, the program opened with a blow. Joseph Allgeier, the first speaker of the evening, enlightened the audience with an educational discourse on the necessity of good reading. Somewhat different from the regular Catholic Action speeches was the amusing talk, "Catholic Soldiers and the World War", delivered by Gomar DeCocker. Although the speech referred to education, nevertheless, its outstanding purpose was entertainment which it successfully accomplished. "'Tis education that joins the common mind, just as the twig is bent the tree inclines", came from the lips of Richard Baird as he delivered a highly instructive address, "The Goal of Catholic Education".

The distribution of small slips of paper during the early part of the meeting caused a hum of misunderstanding to float over the auditorium. Robert Dery, however, removed all doubt by informing the assembly in a short address that these slips were

ORGANIZATIONS

intended as a method of increasing the number of spiritual bouquets.

C. L. S.

"The Jolly Roger" is a piratical farce in three acts by Edwin Scribner.

The tastes of playgoers vary as does the ability of playwrights. As it is possible for some writers to produce only comedies, so it is possible for some people to find enjoyment only in that phase of the drama which reflects the comic. Again, as other dramatists find tragedy the only outlet for their expression, likewise, other audiences find that this type is the only division of the drama that satisfies.

"The Jolly Roger" as presented in Alumni Hall on the eve of Thanksgiving was by no means perfect, since numerous defects could easily be detected by the close observer.

In the opening scene—a spooky shack located on a desolate island—Ben Pickford persuades Buck Hise to assist him in the kidnaping act. The idea originated in the mind of Ralph Bolton, a nephew of the kidnaped, but was intended merely as a joke.

Cedric Daintry, a playwright, has come to this haunted place looking for a suitable atmosphere and background for his play; and silence, too, as he had been told that "Nobody ever comes here". By his keen thinking and fearless maneuvers he succeeds in freeing Mr. Artemus Wetherby, kidnaped, and held for ransom by Pickford and Hise.

The greatest defect in this play is its unnecessary length. The climax is reached in the second act, but a third has been appended for no apparent reason.



Those who are closely connected with the musical world have noticed that in times like these the manner in which an audience responds to a concert is often more important than the performance itself. Happily, this is not the case here at St. Joseph's; and if there ever has been a trend towards a situation of this kind, Professor Tonner has disregarded it.

The audience that witnessed the second appearance of the College orchestra on Thanksgiving Eve, was impressed by the good performance. "The March From the Nutcracker Suite", by Tschaikowsky was well played. Though difficult in parts, it is not a forbidding work. "Spanish Dance" by Moskowsky is a melodious composition, full of rhythm, Spanish fire and charm. Though the orchestra rendered a presentable interpretation of Rossini's "Italians in Algeria", yet in parts it lacked the necessary shadings, crescendoes, and nuances.

With the motto of Victor Herbert in mind; "Always do the best you can, no matter what the work may be," the entire personnel of the music department has settled down to hard work; and Professor Tonner, with good reason is enthusiastically looking forward to the future, dreaming of the grand musicale, which will be the year's outstanding musical event.

V. J. V.



FIFTHS CLINCH PENNANT AFTER WIN OVER FOURTHS

Displaying an open field attack that had the high school Seniors gasping through forty-eight minutes of play, the college Freshmen romped to a 14-0 victory which made them winners of the football pennant for the season of 1932.

Starting with a first quarter, spotted here and there with great defensive playing and ending with an intercepted pass on the forty yard line, which almost put some off the school list for Monday, the Fifths uncorked a drive hitherto unknown on the North Campus, and escaped with a great win over the Fourths. The first touchdown came when the Fifths lost the ball on the one foot line, and the Fourths kicked to the twenty yard line. Scheidler and Siefer then carried the ball to the one foot strip where "Dingbats" McCrate carried it over for a tally. The first half ended just as Samis, Fourth's halfback, missed an attempt for a field goal, and the Fifths held a 6-0 advantage. But what's six points!

With McAtamney receiving a KO punch to start the second half, the Fifths saw their opportunity of boring the front wall, but with little "Wiener Snitzel" Hemmelgarn holding up his side of the line, the fort still remained impregnable. The Fifths then received the ball on the thirty-two yard line, but McCrate went through the line for two successive six yard gains. Siefer then carried the ball to the eleven yard strip,

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

and Scheidler carried it to the one yard line where Siefer scored, but his attempt for the extra point bounced along the field into the end zone. Score, 12-0.

In the fourth quarter the unbelievable happened. "Tiny" Bill Conces (234), playing end near the outside line, was eligible for a pass which he caught, or we should say snagged, like a veteran. His "dogs," however, barked so loudly and became so heavy that some discourteous rascal tackled him from the rear, which feat brought him down on the ten yard line and robbed him of a chance to score on a perfectly executed play. There the Fifths lost the ball and Samis, on an end run, in attempting to carry the ball out of the danger zone, was tackled behind his own goal for a safety and two points for the Fifths, who immediately kicked to the Fourths. Siefer intercepted one of Lammer's passes and then streaked down the field only to be driven out of bounds. The excited time keepers rushed into the fray to tell the "Happy Warriors" that all was over, and that the Fifths were triumphant by a 14-0 score. Three cheers to the pennant winners! Rah! Rah! Rah!

VARSAITY BASKETBALL BEGINS

After the call had been given, and the football injuries were well healed, those aspiring for positions on the St. Joe's quintet dropped all matters from their minds for one day, to come out and present themselves before the Coach, Raymond DeCook. When the Coach viewed the eighty or eighty-five odd prospects, this thought must have come to his mind, "It certainly is going to be some job to cut this array down to about twenty or twenty-five." And we must say it was a job.

SPORTS

The fundamentals of correct shooting, passing, dribbling, faking, and ball handling were thoroughly discussed and put into practice and as a result those unable to come up to the standard were dropped, not simply because now and then they failed, but because the squad had to be cut to required form. Up to the time of this issue there are about twenty-five men on the squad, and if anybody does not think that there is a winning combination in this squad, well, we miss our guess. Here they are: Altieri, Andres, Beeler, Robert Brown, Bruskotter, Danehy, Downey, Fontana, Hession, Horrigan, Karcher, Lammers, Manoski, McKune, Henry Miller, Minick, Clement Petit, Siefer, Scheidler, Traser, Vandagriff, Van Nevel, Welch, Norbert White, Wurm, and Zimmerman. Recently the Coach remarked, "I am pleased with the way the fellows are showing up in practice, and I think we will have a winning team." Besides he holds "Chalk-Talks" so that the players may see the plays more readily and ask questions as they see fit.

The first game is on December tenth with Huntington College of Huntington, Indiana offering the opposition, and according to advance reports from that city, the Foresters seem to be quite strong this year; but let's pep it up with a big: LET'S GO, ST. JOE'S! BEAT HUNTINGTON! Other games before Christmas include Remington and Whiting. Shout again, LET'S GO, ST. JOE'S. MAKE IT THREE IN A ROW!



THE ALL-STAR FOOTBALL TEAM

Now that the football season has come to a successful termination, the COLLEGIAN wishes to present the All-Star team. We hope you like it:

L. E. Altieri	R. E. Smolar
L. T. Fontana	R. T. Riedlinger
L. G. Lenk	R. G. Conces

C. Heilman

Q. B. Karcher	R. H. B. Siefer
L. H. B. Lammers	F. B. Scheidler

Honorable Mention. Steinhauser, White, Leuter-
man, Kleman, Ritter, Wheatley, McCrate, McAtam-
ney and DeCocker.



It doesn't take an athlete to jump from the fry-
ing pan into the fire.

If you don't seem to be able to get the ball
through the hoop, why not get a stepladder? If you
begin at the bottom, you are on your way to success,
and how!

The annual Turkey-Day game was postponed, and
oh, how many pieces of pie must have been saved
because of the postponement!

DOPE

Joe Leuterman has been appointed official ice tester of the college lake. The other day while testing it, he discovered that all water below the ice is at least 4 degrees Centigrade.

If speed were proportional to weight, Joe O'Leary would make a swell dash man.

"Oh, how I miss you today!" seems to be the theme song of some of the basketeers, because they just can't put that ball through the drapes.

What's the scrub team for if not to keep the Varsity clean!

Recently someone asked the writer if the 6-3-2 defense in football meant 6 to win, 3 to place, and 2 to show.

One need not be base to play baseball, and one must have a good head to play football, and one is not permitted to catch the ball in a basket when he plays basketball. Oh, I seem to get things all balled up.

They say that the real forgotten man is the one who warms up for an hour and then fails to get a chance to play in the game.

The fellow who said that the first hundred years were the hardest must have failed to show up at the basketball practices during the first three weeks.





Manoski: "How many ribs am I supposed to have anyway?"

Stack: "Seventeen on one side and eighteen on the other. At least that's what monkeys have."

Manoski: "How do you know?"

Stack: "I counted Staudt's."

Selhorst: "I've had this idea in my head for a long time."

N. White: "Mellowed in wood, eh?"

CHEMICALLY SPEAKING

Barium is defined as an undertaker's motto.

Water is composed of two gins, Oxygen and Hydrogin. Oxygen is pure gin. Hydrogin is gin and water.

A liter is a nest of young puppies.

In short, Chemistry is the study of how things that are together get separated and how things that are separated get together.

SI CHOLOGY SAYS:

"R" is the best letter in the alphabet. It is found in mother, father, brother and sister, but most of all, it is the beginning of Roosevelt and the end of Hoover.

Strange as it may sound the poles in Collegeville are not north and south, but Manoski and Sulkowski.

HUMOR

"My speed was nothing like thirty miles an hour, sir!", exclaimed Bean indignantly. "Nor twenty-five, nor twenty."

"Careful, now," warned the cop, "or you'll be backing into something."

JUST IMAGINE

Robert Dery being reprimanded by a professor for his poor English.

Shank looking sophisticated.

Smith being 'on time—anywhere.

Gzybowski not playing detective.

Griesbaum asking the professor less than two thousand questions during one "lab" period.

An X-ray picture of Conces' limb being taken without double time exposure.

J. Hoying: "Did the honor system work well in your college?"

Karcher: "Yes, until some darn sneak went and squealed on us."

Fashions do come and go. At the beginning of the basketball season many of the students started wearing hats almost incessantly. But now only a select few adhere to the custom. Our hats are off to the fellows with hats on.

Prof. "Zink, parse the sentence, 'Sam married Dorothy.' "

Bashful John: "Sam is a noun, the name of a person; married is a conjunction joining Sam and Dorothy; Dorothy is a verb because she governs Sam."

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Andres (Pointing to pretzels): "Hey, mister, give me a quarter's worth of those varnished noodles."

"Peanuts" Ritter says he would like to be a river so he could lie in bed and still follow a course.

Kipling says "Never the Twain Shall Meet" but it is highly probable that Connelly's and Buttress' noses will, at any time, meet across the table.

Life at St. Joe's is different. You don't get to use the "Cradle" until your sixth year. But as Frye says, "The 'Cradle' certainly is homey".

If you have a joke at all
That you call original,
Send it in.

If you feel that you are able
To write a poem or fable
Send it in, send it in.

If you have a little "RYE"
That you really fear to try,
Send it in, send it in.

PLEASE SEND IT IN.



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Pathe News and Shorts

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